

Four score and seven years ago our fathers
brought forth, upon this continent, a new nation, con-
secrated in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition
that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testi-
fying whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived,
and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met
here on a great battlefield of that war. We ^{have} ~~are~~
~~come~~ to dedicate a portion of it as ^a the final rest-
ing place ^{for} of those who here gave their lives that
that nation might live. It is altogether fitting
and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we can not dedicate—
we can not consecrate—we can not hallow this
ground. The brave men, living and dead, who slung
glad here, have consecrated it far above our ^{poor} power
to add or detract. The world will little note,
nor long remember, what we say here, but
can never forget what they did here. It is
for us, the living, rather to be dedicated
here to the unfinished ^{work}, which they have,
thus far, so nobly carried on. It is rather

Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg Address (November 19, 1863)

This is the original manuscript in Lincoln's handwriting, which he held in his hand while making his classic address at Gettysburg.